

2 Sept. 70

Clifton, N.J.

Dear Harold —

Sorry to have delayed so long in writing to you, but several things got in the way that made it difficult. I have spent the past few weeks frantically writing and preparing the final copies of my dissertation for their final submission to the Graduate School at Cornell. That is finally out of the way — all the work is complete, thesis accepted and approved. I'll be awarded a Ph.D. from Cornell in September. This will not mean an immediate raise in pay, since I am now being paid at the highest level for my position as lecturer, but I shall be promoted to Assistant Professor — raise will follow later.

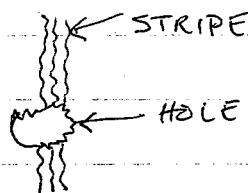
The most satisfying thing is just to have the damned thing over with.

I received some mail from you to which I have not yet replied. I'll do that when I get back to Kingston (I'm in Clifton ^{N.J.} now, visiting my in-laws with my family.) I got the shirt pictures, the package of clippings on EMK, and some letters.

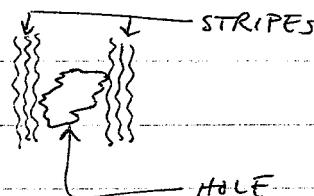
I visited Howard for a day in Philadelphia yesterday. He will write and describe ~~the~~ in detail something exceedingly interesting about the shirt pictures. The ones that you sent to me don't seem to contain anything overly suspicious, but Howard yesterday received a shirt picture that differs in a fascinating way from the pictures you sent. It is very odd, and probably a fault of photography, but the hole in Howard's pictures appears to be in a slightly different place than the hole shown in your picture. Indeed, you may already have the photo that Howard got, or you may

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be getting it. When you do, compare the position of the hole in the two pictures (your hole blow-up, and the picture that Howard got). The hole in your picture completely cuts the one of the black stripes in the shirt, like this:



In the picture that Howard got, the hole appears between two stripes, like this:



It's very crazy, in a way, for the shirt appears to be the same in both pictures, with the identical pattern of blood stains.

My day with Howard was mostly social. Although we discussed the assassinations, I was mainly interested merely in talking with him and seeing him face-to-face. Everything went well — he impressed me as much in the flesh as he did in letters.

Our mail situation in Canada has been tricky, and lately I have avoided using it. Rotating strikes are taking place in various locations at unpredictable times.

I'm presently in a state of languor after giving much time and hard work in finishing my Ph.D. I don't know what to do with myself regarding the assassinations. I

reviewed much of the testimony bearing on areas of investigation that you are now interested in, but came up with nothing important. I'll probably drift in this way until I strike something that seems hot, but in the mean time I feel aimlessly driven.

When I get back to Kingston I'll send you a copy of a letter from Archives admitting that the 399-base photo was taken for you, not for Nichols. They sent a similar letter to Howard.

Howard will pass to you the True article re CIA and Haiti. I said I would send it, but could not locate it among my things. I found a copy among some magazines belonging to my brother-in-law in Trenton.

I'll also send you an article by Capt. Bob Brown recently published in the magazine Shooting Times. It's not very important, except as a piece of typical Brownism. It deals with gun sales and trading among GI's in Vietnam. It has a few excellent pictures of Brown. I had not seen pictures of him before. He's really a handsome bastard — all that a Green Beret would want to look like.

Are you interested in an article dealing with the use of ~~the~~ silencers on firearms in Vietnam? I have a good one. It was my impression that ~~the~~ silencers were another item ~~whose~~ whose use is forbidden by international agreements (The Hague convention, I think), but I am not sure. It doesn't have anything to do with the assassinations, but I believe that previously you had shown interest in such things as this.

My kids and dog are screaming all about me as I write this, and I find it difficult to concentrate. I'll stop now and write again when I get back to Kingston.

Hope your summer is going good. Mine was fine.

Bill

Dick